

MAY 1957 50c

CABARET

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

**ROSEMARY
CLOONEY**
TOMBOY WITH
TALENT

EVELYN WEST:
WHY STRIPPERS
SHOULD
STAY SINGLE

**WHAT MAKES
JERRY LEWIS
GO?**

**PINUP ART
IN FULL
COLOR**



AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER



COVER

DOLORES DEL RAYE, Cabaret's cover cutie for May, is a strong contender for top honors in the skin brigade, for she has parlayed her curves in three short years into top billing across the nation. But as Franklin Thi-le explains in his story about her on page 10, she is also a girl who takes no nonsense from over-ambitious males, whether they are fans or not.

SPOTLIGHT

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of talk over the past few years about the host of sinister influences which are nibbling away at America's night life, reducing it from glittering grandeur to a dim and faded shadow.

Yet the picture that Cabaret's writers and photographers report each month is far different. Settling into their accustomed chair at the front table they see unfolding before them a panorama of entertainment and excitement unrivaled, for all that the old timers say about the gold old days.

And, as the places and personalities presented in this issue prove, the old amusements are not wholly gone. Greenwich Village, traditional center of offbeat entertainment is still there. The village, as Morton Cooper tells in his article about it, is still a fertile plot producing much in the way of good fun. New personalities on the night life scene offer another indication that the ship isn't going down. On the contrary, Dolores Del Raye, a beauty who is much too smart to board a ghost ship, and is introduced in this issue.

Speaking of new faces, featured in this issue is Cabaret's own appraisal of the new look on an old face—the fabulous Jerry Lewis' new personality as a single. Jack Willner gives an intimate backstage and outfront view of this most talked-about cabaret entertainer.



SHOWGIRL OF THE MONTH

JONI ARNOLD, the smiling miss who takes Cabaret's spotlight this month, is, at 22, a veteran of four years in the Cabaret circuits, and has been nominated for the West Coast title of the "Most Beautiful Girl in Burlesque" by the men who know—the theatrical photographers.

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WHAT MAKES JERRY LEWIS go?



Zany comic of nation's hottest cabaret
double has blossomed out as triple threat
single with tax and willingness to travel
in search of new entertainment triumphs.

By Jack Willner

BELTING out smash song hit "Rockabye" (left) and clowning before
microphone (below), Jerry Lewis captivates night club with new act.





THERE IS no doubt any more. The new Jerry Lewis has zoomed across the entertainment zenith like a comet whose flaming path cannot be stopped. The country's best two man team has become the number one single—all in a matter of a few short months. As one Chicago reviewer put it: "Jerry Lewis is no longer merely a comedian. He has become a great performer, one who someday will be ranked with the great ones of the American stage. All the remarkable talent he has is finally being channeled into a smooth, deeply running stream made up of equal portions of wit, charm, pathos, and song-and-dance."

When the smoke cleared after the dissolution of the Martin-Lewis empire, which earned \$10 million in 10 short years, the spotlight focused on a new Jerry Lewis. Could the comic, for all his sparkle, energy and talent, long survive without the support of his easy-going, talented foil, Dean Martin? Would his funny faces be as funny without Martin to stretch his mouth out of shape, to provide relief



KIDDING WITH AUDIENCE. Lew-entices ring-ider to chat (top), then in spite of her embarrassment (center), to sing. As she does (bottom) he grimaces, says "You're right, you can't sing." Such harsh cracks, delivered with Lewis' charm, somehow never offend audience, instead make even butt of joke laugh with rest of audience.





PERCHED ATOP PIANO, Lewis quips with audience in off-hand manner. He believes it essential to inject personal element in act.

from the frenetic Lewis humor with his relaxed, easy singing? The answer, in a resounding affirmative, has been given by a personality which was known during the years of the partnership only to friends of the pair, but which has emerged full-fledged into the spotlight when Jerry went on his own.

What is this personality? How does it emerge on the stage to make the Lewis hall of the Martin-Lewis combo a whole instead of a half? What is it that emerges as Jerry Lewis works alone?

As one critic summed it up, it amounts to the fact that "Jerry Lewis, who had all the charm and appeal of a little boy when he worked with Dean Martin, has now become a man. He has added the skills of the well-trained, seasoned adult entertainer to the laughable clowning of the little boy, and come up with something that can prove as explosive an entertainment combination as those provided by a Cohan, a Jolson or a Cantor.

So far, everything Jerry has touched has turned to gold for him—even records, a field dominated by the more serious, more mellifluous Dean, and one which the record makers said Jerry would be a fool to enter with serious songs. But today, his "Just Sings" album and "Rockabye" single have become solid hits.

Developments in the record field are symptomatic of

WATCHING TELEVISION in hotel suite, Jerry uses remote switch to change shows, gives rubber-faced reactions to night's television shows.





PROUD PARENT. Jerry poses with pretty wife, Patti and youngest of his sons Scott. Two older sons are Ronnie, 7 and Gary, 11.

everything that has happened to Jerry since the split. "Back in 1949 I offered to do some straight singing for one of the record companies," he recalls. "They told me I was an idiot, and now look what's happened."

Jerry, who has correspondence to prove this really happened, takes understandable satisfaction in this as well as the rest of his many successes. They include such diverse things as serious moviemaking—something he practised only as a hobby for the amusement of himself and his Hollywood friends—and dancing, used to good advantage in his new act.

But the biggest triumph, of course, is in his impact as a single. "I knew that I would have to avoid comparisons and go in a different direction," he says of his new act. "But I'm not a standup comedian. I can't stand out there alone and just tell jokes for the whole show. I need situations, and settings."

The format for the new act was hammered out in skull sessions at Jerry's home in Beverly Hills before his Las Vegas opening last winter. It included a talented troupe of male dancers, the Aristocrats, and sex in the form of Georgine Darcy, a curvaceous dancer, and Judy Scott, a singer who belts out a song with as much vigor as the star of the show.

The Las Vegas opening was a hit, but it wasn't felt to be a true test, because of the holiday mood prevailing all year round at the famous Nevada vacation center. A lot of the patrons were there because of the furar attendant on his break with Dean, and smothered by the thunderous applause, but still present, were (Continued on page 51)



ONSTAGE with supporting cast of new act. Lewis plays stumblebum in dancing class conducted by curvaceous dancer Georgine Darcy.



RARE MOMENT of sober thought is caught by camera as usually hilarious Lewis talks shop with member of band.

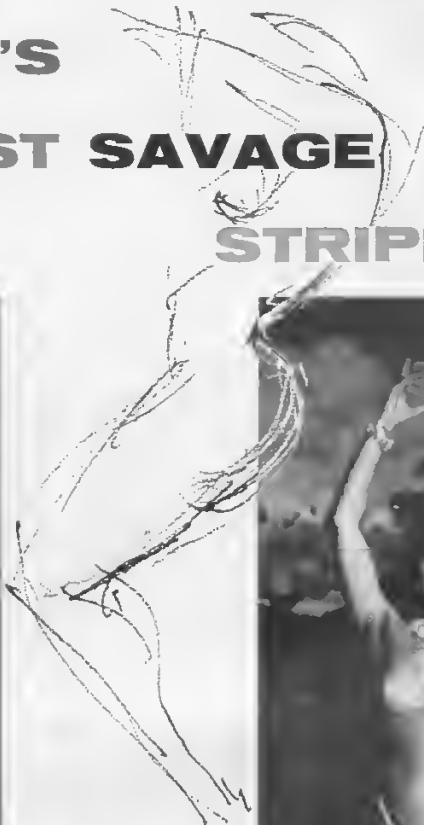


CROWDING autograph hounds attest Jerry's popularity by mobbing him at record store.



READING OF SPLIT with partner Martin, Lewis, reads proof of January CABARET.

AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER



OOOMPHING IT UP in spectacular fashion is Del Raye specialty. She has infinite variety of ways to peel all rouged to please more than tease.

Pacing burlesque stages like a tigress, Dolores Del Raye is a helligereant brunette beauty who frightens the yell out of men.



By Franklin Thistle

SOME MONTHS AGO, guests in a midtown Manhattan hotel were treated to a rare and entertaining spectacle as, aroused by shouts and sounds like pistol shots, they flung open their doors and peered out to see what was the matter. Before their amazed eyes there unfolded in the hall a race reminiscent of the old Roman days: in the lead, a portly, respectable looking gent with his quietly expensive clothes in some disarray; in the rear, and coming up fast, a curvaceous, raven-haired beauty with the fire of righteous wrath in her flashing black eyes, and an enormous bull whip in her strong right hand. As the strange procession zipped down the hall, the babe flicked her quarry a series of resounding cracks with the whip, all the while shouting, "Dance, dance, you smalltime Romeo." The gent, between puffs at his unaccustomed exercise, emitting pleas for mercy until an elevator door opened and offered him its blessed sanctuary. As the silent doors closed on the shuddering



WIELDING BIG WHIP in matador act, Dolores handles it with skill of professional lion-tamer, has also found it effective for wolf-taming.



PROJECTING CHARM is not difficult job for savage-like siren who knows how to vary costumes and arts continually to retain freshness. She designs own costumes to insure plenty of color and liveliness.

Romeo, the stormy lass coiled her whip, and without excuse or explanation, tip-tapped her high-heeled way back to her room, slammed the door with finality.

It is incidents like this, spread over the space of only a few years, but talked of from Baltimore to Baja, California, that have given Dolores Del Raye her reputation as the stripper who frightens men—one of the most volcanic personalities in all show business, and certainly America's most savage lass in the strip brigade, when her ire is aroused.

Certainly, at first glance, the casual observer would hardly think it of this petite package of pulchritude, whose unassuming manner and wholesome good looks often cause her to be mistaken for a career girl, or a college co-ed.

As a matter of fact, most of Dolores' savagery is expressed during her exotic act, and not ordinarily as part of the charming personality which she displays to the world, but she is not averse to unleashing the full fury of her temper on anyone who oversteps the bounds of propriety, as in the case in point.

"Actually, one of my big problems in life has always been convincing the overly-ardent members of the opposite sex that I'm to be seen and not touched," says the brunette beauty of the bistro circuits. "I suppose my act is kind of a defense, because if I seem too



POWDER PUFF attractions and powder leg reactions of Dolores always make for "standing room only" signs where she appears.



EXPOSING more domestic side of neon-lighted life, curvaceous careeress displays typical girl-next-door habits. She has large collection of rhythm and blues records, is pack-a-day smoker and likes to scan magazines that have lots of pics and few words, while relaxing.

hot to handle, then none will feel like testing the temperature."

The act, incidentally, features the same long and nasty bull whip which so impressed the Manhattan nasher, a prop which Dolores uses in her Matador dance routine and handles with the professional skill of a lion tamer.

Naturally, Dolores doesn't intentionally try to frighten supper club patrons with her bull whip. On the contrary, like any top stripper, she works hard to captivate cabaret



PERCHED ON BED, Dolores prepares to retire after long evening on stage. She finds sleep easy, relaxes like cat at will.

patrons by making her dance routine as alluring as possible.

Once, however, she gave way to an overpowering impulse to teach a heckler a lesson he would never forget, and decided on her policy as a result. The incident occurred several years ago on her opening night at a club in Baltimore, Maryland.

Dolores tells the story: "During my first two performances of the evening a portly (Continued on page 50)

Varied night life of Village has earned it reputation as New York's naughtiest neighborhood, still going strong in spite of passing years.



ZANY CRADLE of Bohemian life, Greenwich Village is also entertainment mecca with multitude of nightspots dotting both sides of street.



GREENWICH VILLAGE; THE MECCA FOR MADCAP MERRIMENT

By Leonard Bennett

AT ONE TIME or another during its 330 years of existence, New York's fabulous Greenwich Village has been called the American home of Bohemia, the art cradle of the United States, the freeway for free love, and, to quote every seventh rate comic in the world, the place where boy meets girl and you can't tell the difference.

Each of these appellations once fitted. Some still do.

The state of mind called The Village has through the years boasted tenants such as Edgar Allen Poe, Henry James, Eugene O'Neill, Mark Twain, O. Henry, and Edna St. Vincent Millay who in their backstreet houses produced some of



VILLAGE FUN-FARE is dished up in variety of ways depending on size of visitor's wallet. Some settle for earthy tense routines like that of Lilly Christine (left), others go for broke at classy cabarets like bow-tied Jimmy Daniels' plush Bon Soir club (right).

this country's most enduring literary works. Winslow Homer painted here, George Washington slept here, Aaron Burr died here, and some of the nation's most colorful brothel keepers practiced their crafts here.

Although night life of every conceivable type of persuasion is still apparent in this Manhattan area which goes from 14th Street to Canal Street and from the Hudson River to 3rd Avenue, a lot of changes have taken place since its 1935 heyday. Probably the most important one is that the overall feeling of sexin' and sinain' is noticeably reduced. But the visitor can still find most vices available in the Village, though not necessarily with more accommodation than he might find in any other like community. There are, however, few communities like it.

The history of Greenwich Village as a lodge for the libido traces back to shortly after the Civil War. As uptown streets such as Park Avenue became fashionable, wealthy Villagers moved out of their Washington Square mansions to take residence with the migrated hoi polloi. Into the mansions moved young artists, painters, writers and actors, all of them brought together by two relationships in common: they were poor, and they were rebels against what they considered to be the stuffy sexual standards of the country.

In order to meet the high rents, dozens of them would live in the houses together. They would eat together, work together and, because no one arranged for the men to be separated from the women, sleep together. The word got around, naturally, that bacchanals were nightly occurrences in Washington Square, and the reputation



HAPPY SHOE INSPECTOR enjoys antics of Bouncy Beverly Jean at Ernie's Circus club.

CAVORTING STRIPPERS
more than hold their own against
stiff competition of drag shows
and jazz parlors in Greenwich
Village. Crowd pleasing Beverly
Jean (below) has been at same
Village perl palace for three
months with possible unlimited
run in store for her turgid art.





TORRID STRIP typical of Village floorshows is performed by Gina Marie, popular East Coast exotic. Though burlesque is banned in New York, even her frenetic display fails to faze sophisticated mixed audiences who continue chatter unconcerned.



VILLAGE INHABITANTS pass time matching wits at chess (above) while burlesque (right) prepares to provide entertainment of less intellectual nature.

grew to the extent that even today out-of towners will taxi downtown in search of the depravity they've heard takes place behind every locked door.

Actually, the Depression-Prohibition period was the most actively thrill-seeking and thrill-providing in downtown Manhattan, and anyone in the market for kicks he couldn't—and probably wouldn't want to—find in his own staid neighborhood, found them here.

Offbeat cabarets by this time had become big business and, from the spectator point of view, sex in many forms was a major commodity in cabarets. "Drag" shows—acts wherein entertainers of one sex wear the clothes of and impersonate the opposite sex—really took hold here for the first time, after having been a successfully accepted branch of show business in Europe for years. Womanly men and mannish women who, until then, had had little legitimate outlet for exhibiting themselves for money, got the chance when it became evident that pubcrawlers were willing to pay well to watch the strange doings of beautiful men and handsome girls strutting their queer stuff.

Far wilder and less inhibited in the 30's, male and female impersonators were Greenwich Village's chief nitery asset, and few performing holds were barred as the zenith of near-obscenity was reached on stage. Like the swallowing of goldfish, drag shows were suddenly something new and titillating, and each night club owner who specialized in (Continued on page 52)





SHIRTSLEEVED SONGBIRD (top) is presented gold key to Paramount dressing room. She mixes pleasure with business (bottom) at side of pool.

ROSEMARY CLOONEY: the tomboy with talent



Despite her gentler gender, Rasie, the boyish beauty of shaw biz, has warbled her way to recordland recognition as Bing Crosby's closest counterpart.

By Alfred Duckett

EVER SINCE the great groaner, Bing Crosby, hit his stride more years ago than Bing cares to remember, aspiring young singers have been trying to emulate "Der Bingle's" carefree, casual style. While some of the male crooners came close, none of them succeeded in capturing his easy, nonchalant way of putting a song across—it took a distaff singer to do it. She is Rosemary Clooney, 28-year-old star of stage, screen, and night clubs who is now cutting a wide swath across all fields of entertainment endeavor and scoring at every base.

No less of an authority than Mitch Miller, the bearded genius at the helm of Columbia Records' pop tune section, has bestowed the accolade on Rosie. "She's a female Bing," he says, "She's a great talent. Sings anything, high or low. And does it in one take. Like Crosby."

There are three reasons to support the argument that Rosie Clooney rates as a female edition of Crosby. They are her versatility, ease in singing and nonchalant attitude about the whole thing.



CHIRPING western tune during scene from musical. "Red Garters." Kentuckian Clooney duplicates ease and versatility of veteran.



HAPPY COUPLE, Rosemary and husband, distinguished actor-producer, Jose Ferrer, first met during personal appearance he made for "Cyrano de Bergerac" in fall of 1950. After first meeting he "just kept running into Rosie" until he fell in love with her.



BIRTHDAY PARTY occurred on studio lot during filming of "White Christmas." Group includes (left to right) guests of honor, King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece, puffing movie stars Vera Ellen, Danny Kaye and Rosie.



TOMBOY Clooney rather indulge in wholesome outdoor activity than in night clubbing. Here she is about to take dip in private pool.



CLOONEY KIDS, Betty, Nick and Rosie pose together at showing of film she starred in, "The Stars Are Singing."

Rosie stars in the nonchalance department and has become almost legendary in Hollywood for her tomboyish attitudes about dress, make-up, and an abhorrence for "putting on the dog" which is probably only equalled by one other performer—her idol, Bing.

This has been a lifetime attitude for her. Back in her teen days, Rosemary and her sister Betty went to a singing audition for bandleader Tony Pastor in bobby-sox costume with their hair wet from swimming. Recently at a recording session the Clooney hair was as impromptu as a jam session and there was no hint of makeup on her face.



BETWEEN SHOTS in filming "Here Come the Girls," Clooney chats with fellow performer, Christian Fourcade, 8.

Marlene Dietrich, a close friend and advisor of Rosemary's was also there at the session. She offered to let Rosie use her lipstick.

"Why do I need that?" Rosemary asked her. "I'm working."

Miss Dietrich pointed out that there were photographers around who were also working, but Rosie paid them no heed.

Rosie showed a similar disregard for glamor regulations when she screen-tested in Hollywood. Friends warned her against wearing white dresses— (Continued on page 54)

CABARETS



RHONDA FLEMING

Orson Tomas

pinup art

THE PROBLEM with television, which is rapidly assuming the role of America's nightclub-in-the-living-room, presenting as it does all of the top stars of the night life field as well as movie and stage greats, is that the picture tube has no memory, and the faces and figures seen fleetingly on the screen cannot be recalled once the set is turned off. Not so the pictures on the following pages of some of the best entertainers in the business today. Caught in moments of revelation by artists with speedlight and celluloid, they remain forever, awaiting your pleasure to turn the page and meet them once again. *

JENNY LEE

William C. Thomas









LILY AYERS

Keith Bernard

BUBBLES DARLENE

F. Roy Kemp



ZSA ZSA GABOR
B. Bernard



BLANKITA VALDEZ

Robert Bradfield

DIANA DORS

C. Roye







PATTI WAGGIN

George Spelvin

FAUZIR AMIR

B. Bernard

HAITI'S

**grass hut
with
glamour**



STANDING in front of picturesque thatched shanty, tourists and native night clubbers are about to enter world's largest grass hut nightclub. Colorful hut has diameter of 60 feet.

**Famed Cabon Choconne offers
spine-tugging voodoo rituals
amidst jungle grandeur of
hanging moss and pulsating drums**



GEORGES KENN (above), manager of fabulous Cabon, encourages guests to use circular stage area (right) for dancing during intervals between shows.





PERFORMING before appreciative American guest, Pierre drums restrained version of "Belukha," ancient drum song. Hotel Choucoune (in background) luxuriously contrasts with primitive Cabon structure. Guests will pack grass nitery for evening's fun.

By Henry Durling

THE VOODOO LAND of Haiti is a country of contrasts. It is immediately apparent to the visitor as his plane wings in above grass shanties huddled next to spanking new public housing units and swoops low over a gleaming highway shared by burrow-borne natives and sleek, black Cadillacs. The heady air of deep contrast extends furthest into the Haitian night life with the sublime and the ridiculous but a twenty-five cent bus ride apart.

However, the epitome of the Haiti's after-dark world, the apex where the opposite ends of the pole come together is in a grass shack—the biggest of its kind in the world. This is Cabon Choucoune. Among the regular Cabon patrons are King Magloire and his lady, members of the diplomatic corps, visiting firemen, scores of tourists, and localites who are well aware of the wonders of the Cabon.

Even the conception of the huge circular hut is in itself a combination of the new and the old, the ultra luxurious and the very earthy. Designed by an engineer and architect who got his training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology it is built of the oddest materials known to man. Huge, hand-hewn beams support the grass-plastered ceiling. Entrance is gained through a low, thatched vestibule. Spanish moss hangs from the rough-cut beams which support thick brush. A multitude of small yellow lights cast a glamorous, African aura over the whole interior.

Most of the guests at the Cabon are seated at tiny circular tables where they sample the wondrous of the native rum drinks. In a flash it's showtime. The yellow glow disappears and is replaced by the only kind of darkness that can exist in a huge grass hut. A pinpoint spotlight pierces the darkness and finds a tall, chic woman in a dramatic white evening dress.

"Tonight," she tells the glittering audience, "we would like to present for your enjoyment some of Haiti's folk dancers, the Voodoo dances that were first brought here by the original slaves from Africa."

Then the throbbing drums take over and dominate the scene. They beat out a message that tells the story of a people, who were gay despite great oppression, who managed to nurture a carefree culture that is centered on melodic sound.

The pulsating beat of the drums and the insistent clink of the orange accompany the traditional "Dans Banla," which is performed by a youth in an extravagant white dress suit splashed with crimson. His partner is a beautiful young barefoot girl. In the symbolic dance, she is paid a visit by death—in the form of Banda. She tells him with her vibrant, meaningful twirls and dips to come another time.



VAULTING in air, Banda (death) pays visit to barefoot beauty. Audience is tense during act but throbbing folk dance ends happily as girl (right) tells Banda to come another time.



SLOW MOTION Mais danse is intricate, authentic voodoo ritual of hve in which each movement has significant meaning. Cahon is one of few Island cabarets which have not sacrificed voodoo tradition by injecting modern choreographical features into floor shows.

DANCERS (left) perform harvest dance while Island's top drummer Tiroro (right) drums out jungle beat.





DANCE RECITALS at Cabon are more than floorshows, take form of social event which draws mixed throng of local bigwigs, cruise boat tourists to crowd perimeter of huge circular dance floor as Vodou dances are performed by brightly-costumed dance troupe.



RUSTIC DECOR of Cabon contrasts with chic clothes of patrons, but invariably charms first-time visitors to grass hut nightclub.

dips to come some other time.

All the native dances are colorful and throb to the beat of the deep, vibrant drum sounds. This is especially true of the dance that pays honor to the lig, booming Assator drum which is reserved for special rituals and dances. The dance reaches its climax when four lithe bucks spring high from the Cabon floor and, one-by-one, beat the huge eight-foot drum, evoking a booming response that reverberates throughout the huge hut like a triple carom shot in billiards. This ritual is usually the climax of the Cabon show and as the throbbing beat slowly dies away, the yellow lights appear again and it is dance time for the customers.

In Haiti, where the unexpected is expected and where the ordinary is shunned in preference to the extraordinary, it is no wonder that a girl from Brooklyn presides over the show at the Cabon which is 100 per cent native Haitian. The girl is Lavinia Williams, a one-time member of Katherine Dunham's famous dance troupe. Lavinia is charged with the responsibility of revitalizing and preserving Vodoo dances as an important part of the Haitian folklore. She has charge of the national dance troupe which performs at the Cabon.

The Cabon has been in existence since 1940, though some of the early visitors would not recognize it now. It has been rebuilt three times, most recently when fire damaged a part of it. It (Continued on page 57)



"I regret to say, Madame, that our credit department must draw the line somewhere."

evelyn west:



why strippers should stay single

One of peeldoo's top exoties reveals how stripper's career can put marriage on rocks and vice versa, says strippers should wait until retirement for romance.

By Evelyn West

(In the April issue of CABARET, stripper Rita Grable gave her version of why strippers make better wives than girls outside the entertainment field. She said the take-it-off gals were more understanding and tolerant. Now Evelyn West, herself a famed peeler, takes over to take the other side of the question.)

A STRIPEASER who snares a spouse at the beginning or at the height of her career is a little like the sword swallower who comes to work with a sore throat; his job isn't going to be as tasty as usual, and in time the audience will catch on to the fact.

Last month Rita Grable had some things to say in *Cabaret* about strippers as wives. She seemed to believe that disrobers make wonderful candidates for the MRS. degree—even more so than girls who prepare for no business other than marriage from the time they learn to talk—and she backed up this belief with what she must have imagined were perfect reasons: that peelers know more about how to keep a man happy in the hayloft than non-peelers do; that they get so much love from the applause of men in the audience that they don't require nearly so much from a husband and so on.



DISPLAYING PERSONALITY and good looks which have brought her fabulous success in striptease profession, Evelyn West explains these professional assets can become matrimonial liabilities. She says even understanding hubby might find it hard to accept intimate correspondence and expensive presents received by spicy spouse, not to mention male leers directed at her on stage.



Now all this sounds as if it ought to hold water, and I'm not going to quarrel with most of her arguments. Especially the obvious one that if a disrober's dexterity in the ancient art of lovemaking can't keep a hubby from developing a roving eye, nothing can.

Sex is our business, and we certainly ought to know what we're wiggling about.

But I take plenty of issue with her or anyone else in the stripatorium who say that a gal who makes a living by moving her better parts for the purpose of exciting men can also make a 100% score as a wife. Sure, it's possible. It's also possible to brush your teeth with Dutch Cleanser.



FROLICKING IN WATER is favorite outdoor activity of effervescent Evelyn. Pretty exotic has wit as sharp as her wiggle, summing up opinion on marriage with humorous burlesque slogan, "It's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried."



SMILING COQUETTISHLY beside unlisted telephone, Evelyn relaxes on lavish, oversized bed. Before her phone became top secret info, stripper received many calls from strangers requesting favors that ranged from one of her autographs to her hand in marriage

Speaking for myself, I've had the urge to make with the vine covered cottage and rose petals bit. But I've always had sense enough to get under the covers and rest until the urge passed over. A few times I've even been as close to the altar as a grind is to a bump. But there, too, I've chickened out before the minister preached the fateful monologue.

Don't get the idea I'm coming out against wedding bells—even for exotics. I'm only saying that if I'd gone through with it at a time when I was (as I am now) enjoying a bigger income than any bank president, as well as having more night and day fun than Mr. Ideal could offer me in a knot-tying arrangement, I'd be a likely prospect for a strait-jacket.

The biggest argument against marriage for a stripper is that all the strikes (*Continued on page 53*)



SHOWING FURS (right) bought with dancing pay and posing (above) in home, Evelyn bolsters her arguments.



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NIGHT CLUB



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR views of Stanley Blinstrub's "Village" illustrate mammoth size of unique nitery. Lavish main dining room includes two curving, glass staircases from which 12 curvy showgirls descend. Sky-ceiling reflects hundreds of twinkling stars.

With an army of 200 serving 2,000 nightly, Blinstrub's 65,000 square feet is Boston's claim to cabaret fame.

By Arch Ayres

ON MARCH 17, 1776, George Washington's troops trained their cannons on a section of South Boston where the British were heavily entrenched, opened fire, and blasted the Redcoats from their position to win the battle. Today, the site of the English encampment is occupied by another kind of embattled army of campaigners, sighted in on by thousands of entertainment seekers weekly, and grimly holding out against the onslaught of television, movies and all the other forces attacking the night life world.

If size counts in the battle for night life survival, this hardy institution is a cinch to win, for it is the world's largest night club, Stanley Blinstrub's "Village,"



LEGS OF LAMBS, served nightly, belong to George Morro-Landis dancers. Featured stars are of Durante, Como, Piazza calibre.



TIERED OF TABLES surround huge stage in capacious dining room. Encircled by balconies and lighted landscape paintings, Village proper connects with elegant cocktail lounge and separate restaurant. Meals are moderately priced, in spite of costly star-studded shows.



CHECKING LIQUOR AND FOOD. Blinstrub keeps close tab on fast moving stock of giant enterprise. Chefs, Maurice Rafuse and George Swinn, run huge kitchen, but active owner supervises.

a five-story edifice that may lure as many as 2,000 Boston night life lovers to take the \$1.50 taxi ride from the Hub City's famed Common to enjoy such delights as only can be offered by the big, the beautiful, and the volume-priced operation that is Blinstrub's speciality.

Replacing the British bombs and rockets, the fireworks at Blinstrub's these days are generated by such top entertainment personalities as Marguerite Piazza, Eddie Fisher, Teresa Brewer, Lena Horne, Patti Page, Frankie Laine, Guy Lombardo, Tony Martin and Jimmy Durante, supported by ten shapely dancers imported from the Morro-Landis agency in Las Vegas, and a top musical combo.

Approaching the club, the visitor first catches sight of the facade, painted to simulate stone and graced with European lattice windows, plus a rainbow of color in neon and pigment that makes the whole place stand out like a redhead in a crowd of brunettes. Once inside, the visitor finds himself in what appears to be the giant courtyard of a sprawling Belgian village. Balconies circle the great room, tiny roofs and windows simulating the skyline around the edge. From the ceiling, hundreds of artificial stars twinkle down while paintings and shadow boxes along the wall glow softly with their own illumination. (Continued on page 58)



IN DRESSING ROOM 10
top Las Vegas ballet
dancers prepare for spec-
tacular 90 minute girly
revue. Like capable or-
chestra leader, Michael
Gaylord, girls are perma-
nent part of Village shows.



dolores del raye

(Continued from page 15)

gentleman sitting at a ring-side table kept making wisecracks about the size of a certain part of my anatomy. It was annoying, of course, but I tried not to pay my attention to him. During my matador act for the late show, however, this guy made a very audible remark that was downright vulgar and it made me boil inside.

"I gave him a dirty look but he just sat there with a fat grin in his hand roaring with laughter. The only thing I could think of was how much I'd like to make him stop laughing. The next thing I knew I had knocked the cigar from his hand with my whip. The fellow let out a yell and jumped out of his chair, spilling his drink all over himself. The audience gasped and I continued my act as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

"After the show I apologized to the owner of the club for my rudeness. He acted surprised and said, 'Why, I thought that was part of your act!'"

Needless to say, the front row boys were considerably subdued for the rest of her engagement.

Dolores doesn't say, these days, how she handled her hecklers and over-ardent fans before she discovered the virtues of that bull whip, but she has no hesitation about her policy now.

"I don't mind occasional wisecracks but there's absolutely no excuse for someone thinking it is all right to make an obscene remark just because a girl's a stripper," says Dolores. "And if a fellow ever makes a real nasty crack to me, I give him a good scare

with my bull whip."

The curvaceous cutie learned the wisdom of always carrying the castilian rawhide in a scotch into the—for her—hitherto unexplored West. An engagement at Larry Potter's famed Sipper Club in Hollywood.

Dolores was in town only a few days when an enterprising publicity man whisked her off to Tijuana, Mexico, for an unusual—but appropriate for Dolores—publicity stunt. After a short plane ride, Dolores found herself inside a bullring with instructions to assume the role of a real matador. Dolores confessed later that she felt naked at the time, although she was fully clothed for the event, because she didn't have her trusty bull whip with her. Her only means of defense against a none-to-friendly bull turned out to be a red G-string a prop supplied for picture purposes in lieu of the traditional cape.

While flash hulks popped, Dolores had a chance to really exercise her dancing ability as the bull that had been selected to participate in the publicity gimmick showed definite signs of wanting to get to know the pretty girl waving the red G-string better.

Dolores' reputation as the stripper who frightens men really gained impetus after her New York hotel adventure. Like most strippers, she is confronted with the occupational hazard of keeping herself a highly desirable female in the eyes of men and, at the same time, keeping at bay the wolves who are not content with simply viewing her charms. Strippers use various techniques for this sort of thing and Dolores can claim one of the most novel, namely, her whip.

While she was appearing at a club in New York a professional gambler who shall remain nameless used to drop in every night and sit entranced as Dolores unveiled her beautiful body with studied precision. Upon returning to her dressing room, she would find baskets of fruit awaiting her with a note from her admirer requesting her company.

Some girls might have jumped at the chance to be seduced by such a well-to-do heart but Dolores considered him repulsive and, besides, she prefers fresh vegetables to fresh fruit. The guy, however, was obviously used to getting what he wanted. For a week he kept diligently deluging Dolores with baskets of fruit and she just as diligently kept avoiding him.

Then one night as Dolores was preparing for bed in her hotel room, there came a knock on the door. She opened it a crack to see who it was and in barged the misgendered fruit peddler.

"He said he had a wrist watch for me and held out a small, neatly wrapped package," says Dolores. "I told him I was uncertain terms that I didn't want his present and that I wanted him to leave immediately and never bother me again. He insisted that I take the watch so I took it and threw it out the window just to show him I meant what I said.

"He started moving toward me with a wild gleam in his eyes. Suddenly, he lunged and tried to grab me. I jumped back and ran to the other side of the room. He hesitated a minute and by the look on his face I knew he wasn't kidding. Then he started to run toward me. I ran around the divan and kept chasing me. I was frantic with fear. Then it dawned on me that I had my bull whip in the closet. I rushed over to the closet, grabbed the whip, and whirled around

to face him.

"When he saw the whip his eyes popped and he stopped short. As he started to back away I yelled at him, 'I'm going to teach you to mind your own business!' Just as he turned to take cover, I lashed out with the whip and caught him right on the seat of his pants. He let out a shriek like he had been mortally wounded and dashed for the door.

"I ran after him and chased him down the hall cracking my whip and hollering 'dance, dance.' The elevator had just stopped at the floor and he rushed into it.

"By this time, people had come out of their rooms to see what the commotion was all about. They must have thought I was crazy. There I was standing in the hall in my negligee with a bull whip raised in my hand. When I realized the spectacle I was making of myself, I ran back to my room and slammed the door.

"A little later the manager of the hotel called me on the phone and wanted to know what had happened. When I told him, he suggested calling the police and having the fellow arrested. But I figured the fellow had learned his lesson and decided against it. And would you believe it? That very same fellow kept coming to the club to watch my act, but he never sent me any more fruit and he always kept a good distance away from me—and my whip."

Dolores was born in Washington, D. C., in 1934. After attending Anacostia High School in Washington, she took a job in a bank as a cash register operator. At a party one night she met a theatrical agent. The next day the agent called her at the bank and asked her to drop over and see him when she had a chance.

"I thought maybe he wanted me to be a singer," Dolores recalls, "as I had sung at the party where we met. But when I went over to see him he said he wanted me to be a stripper. I said no thanks and started for the door. But when he mentioned how much money I could make stripping and when I thought of the pittance I was making at the bank, I reconsidered his proposition and finally said okay. I'm certainly not sorry about that decision now. I probably made more money in my first year as a stripper than I would have made in ten years working at that bank."

Dolores made her debut as a stripper at the age of 19 at Murray's Show Bar in Baltimore. She had taken a few ballet lessons as a youngster and a course in modern dancing in high school, and this training aided her greatly in making the transition from cash register operator to stripper.

"I got my training in the art of strip-teasing at Murray's," says Dolores. "I started out with a three-month contract, and I stayed there for a year and a half."

Dolores took a three-month rest after her first hectic encounter with the entertainment world. During this period she almost decided to chuck stripping and return to bookkeeping. Fortunately for club owners, devotees of the strip-tease and Dolores' bank account, however, she didn't go through with it and returned to the periling profession.

Six months later the girl with the 37-21-37 dimensions went to Florida for a vacation and met with misfortune. While running to answer the telephone one day, she tripped, crashed into some furniture, and broke her

arm. The accident abruptly ended her sojourn in Florida and she returned home to Washington to have her arm treated.

"The doctor told me I would never have the movement of my arm again," she says, "but I told him that it would heal and that I would work again."

As it turned out, Dolores' prophecy came true. She was back on the job one month after the doctor operated on her arm.

"I had to slow my numbers down," she says, "and this really helped my act. I had to be more creative and this aided more class to me. And I didn't have to work as hard."

A surprise was waiting for her when she opened at the Coral Room, a club on the outskirts of Washington, after her arm had healed. A number of Washington doctors who had heard about her arm operation were in attendance and stood up and applauded her when she performed.

"It was the biggest thrill of my life," Dolores says. "I had never appreciated people so much as I did that memorable night."

Strippers, by and large, can usually be categorized as either timid leavers, gimmick girls or conventional emmentines. The latter school of strippers, in which Dolores belongs, believes in presenting sex artistically by combining interpretive dancing with a sexy striptease act.

As Dolores puts it: "I never lean toward vulgarity in my striptease routines. People who patronize supper clubs, where I most frequently appear, want to see sex presented with sophistication and dignity and prefer acts which have something to their imagination. They don't want to see 'bait workers' who expose private parts and perform low-level antics. This type of act doubtless makes a big hit at bars and waterfront dives, but certainly not at swank supper clubs."

"My father always told me, 'Whatever you do always be a lady' and I've done my best to follow his advice. Some men seem to think they can take more liberties with showgirls but, except for one or two instances, my experience has been that men will always be gentlemen as long as you're a lady."

The brown-eyed, five-foot-two stripper has never had any trouble with censors or law enforcement officials over her act. However, some night club owners have accused her of performing in the nude. But Dolores is quick to point out that these accusations have had no real basis in fact.

"I wear a lot but still look nude," she says mischievously. "You see I often wear flesh-colored or transparent panties and bra in my act."

Like all strippers, Dolores is constantly subjected to flattery by male admirers. The enigma that stands out most vividly in her mind was the comment made by Gino Stella, co-owner of the Summit View Hotel in Milford, Conn., after seeing her act in the hotel's Emerald Room. He told Dolores: "Nine months from now, Milford will have a bigger population because of your act."

Dolores isn't married, but shrugs off suggestions that possibly her reputation as the most savage stripper was responsible for her still single status. She says: "When I'm ready to get married I think I'll be able to get someone to marry me. And if I can't... well, I can always rely on my lord & whip to frighten a man into marriage!" *



jerry lewis

(Continued from page 8)

some mutterings on the part of old-timers that the act could stand improvement.

The few doubts that remained were erased during a fabulous run in the first days of 1957 at Chicago's faded Chez Paree, where Lewis performed a feat almost unheard of in the annals of show business in the Windy City: He lifted the "New Year's Day Curse" for the club. On what is traditionally the worst night in the year for cabaret business—the night of New Year's Day—he filled the house with 1,600 diners, and lived them up four afloat outside in bitter cold and driving snow, that descended on the city that night.

What they saw was a show built on pure stage pressure and Jerry's consummate skill as a performer—one who is an acknowledged master of the art-life.

Since proven in his Palace engagement, and his TV spectaculars, this involves such touchy bits as inviting members of the audience to sing a popular tune in the playing of the orchestra, instead of encouraging the amateur singers, and playing up the human interest slant of this interlude. Jerry humorously laments and heckles his "guests"—but in an unobtrusive way that only the little lady of show business can do it.

"Happy tip, you're guiding us in," he tells one hapless patron. To another he calls, "You were right. You can't sing. As a matter of fact, that was lousy." To a Jerry hater, he cracks: "What have you been drinking, the corks?" Skirting the thin edge of insult, he manages to carry the whole thing off without offense to anyone.

The rest of the act is a fantastic mélange of Jerry's zany intrusions into the efforts of his singing and dancing help, plus some startling revelations of his more serious showtime accomplishments. His singing, hardly a prizewinner for voice quality, rates a triple-A rating for that indefinable something show people call "heart," and his dancing—when he isn't playing the loud-loud dabs—is that of a practiced master of the art.

All of this is hardly surprising to those who remember that he is the off-spring of a long-time family of showmen, and made his stage debut at the tender age of five, in his parents' variety act. But to those who retain the image of him as the goof in the Marlin Lewis combo, it is a revelation, with results that rival the ovation received by any cabaret performer.

Backstage, where he presides over a dressing room that is a combination of riot and

absolute order, Jerry confides that he is just beginning to get used to the feel of his new act.

"It's beginning to fit now," he says. "And a good fit is very important, in everything from a pair of shoes to a night club act."

One of his biggest lifts during the show comes when he swings into his solid version of "Rockabye." It is as if the crowd has already begun to associate this old favorite with him, for they break into spontaneous applause, as the first bars sound, and afterward took the room with their enthusiasm.

"That's the big kick," says Jerry. "When I start the song, it's thrilling."

Such conversation is conducted between the distractions of a seemingly endless stream of visitors, kibitzers, well-wishers and haughty on who flow through the Lewis dressing room without pause.

"I can't stand most of the time to be alone," says Jerry. "So I like to have lots of people around." This he does. At the same time, among all the confusion of the roving and going, an air of almost Prussian order permeates the physical layout of the room. Lewis is probably the neatest man in show business, and while his dressing room may constantly be cluttered with people, it must never be cluttered with anything else, for his peace of mind. All the appointments must be in proper order, with hair laid in one box, shoes in another, skirts ranged along the wall hooks ready for use, ties carefully draped without tangles and knots, and makeup neatly stowed in jars all properly capped and ranged according to use.

Lewis recently interrupted a chat with a friend to come to the assistance of his drummer, who had a button missing from his shirt, asked someone to go out for a sewing kit.

"Hold it," called Jerry. "I've got one right here." And with much jostling about his priors as a seamstress, and good-natured banter over his drummer's button-popping proclivities, he proceeded to expertly and swiftly replace the missing bit of button. To a remark that it was a rare man who was careful enough to carry such an emergency kit with him, Jerry replied with a characteristic comment:

"Carry one of these? Never. I always have two," and he opened the drawer from which the kit had come, and revealed another, identical with the first. "Just in case I lose mine," said Jerry.

A veteran trouper, Jerry has been known to fill his hotel suite with cots when accommodations were slow in coming through for the other members of his troupe. "The only trouble when that happens," he says, "is that when I want to take a shower in the morning, there are seven guys ahead of me."

He involves himself firmly in the lives of his co-workers, prescribing freely from his experience for anything from sniffles or heartburn to heartache and sorrow.

Although he's reluctant to talk about it extensively, it's known that he lived a lonely childhood, full of sorrow as the son of a show business couple, and was also sickly. He attributes much of his drive to these early experiences, which he feels have left him with a real and urgent need to feel wanted, successful and secure. Sometimes even the work, work, work formula fails, and deep depression sets in. But most of the time, he is able to face down his feelings—which, he

thinks, have been fading since he became a single by an endless round before the footlights, or working on one of his many projects.

This burning desire to keep before the footlights manifested itself many ways in the latter years of the partnership. There were numerous times when Jerry clamored for more appearances and Dean held out for fewer.

"Two years ago, I woke up and realized that I was 28," Jerry says quietly, "there was no time to waste. I felt that we were not developing the way we should. It's like watching a baby of yours dwindle away and die. For instance, for 20 years it was my dream to play the Palace in New York. I must have asked Dean a 100,000 times to play the Palace. He only thought it was corny and he did not like 8:40 curtain."

Needless to say, Jerry Lewis, the single, has achieved his lifetime ambition about appearing at the Palace, along with night club appearances, television spectacles, benefit performances, and the works. "I love to work," he adds.

Jerry has a secret weapon that he counts on triumphantly in his new and freer entertainment life—his family. Wife Patti and the three boys are an integral part of the Lewis road show. The master plans calls for them to join him on the night club circuit whenever school permits. Jerry is a strict parent who demands respect above everything else from his children. "They can steal just so

long as they are not disrespectful," he says. When one interviewer recently asked the irrepressible Jerry whether his kids called him dad, he replied, "What do you think they call me, mom?"

There is this blither with the sweet tongue in check flavor in practically everything Jerry does or says. In telling of his courtship, he says, "I met Patti on Aug. 18, 1944. On the 22nd, I asked her to marry me. I don't fool around. She thought that I was nuts. I worked very hard and I told her that I would be at the Cleve in 1957 making a lot of money, well something like that anyway. She's a real fan and a real gal."

As to the three boys, whose ages range from 12 to one, "you couldn't find a happier bunch of idiots," according to Jerry. He dismisses all the pitfalls of traveling from one hotel to another with the kids by saying, "They have to be wherever daddy is."

If Jerry has any deep down aim in this world, it is to working his head off at all times. He is vitriolic when he talks of other entertainers who choose to take it easy some of the time. "I'd like to straighten out some of these people. They ought to stay in the business or get out."

For Jerry, the future is filled to the brim with work, movies, television, records, night clubs, and benefit performances. "I don't think I can ever stop, unless the people ask me to. I'll probably die on the stage. It certainly won't be in some old actors' home."

and would not spread beyond the local Bohemia if left alone.

The height of the Depression saw new clubs sprouting, many of them incorporating drags into the act, but attempting to broaden beyond drags. The best known all-around rowdy spot of that era was The Howdy Club on 7th Avenue. Remembered as having produced some of the bluest floor shows since the days of the Romans, the Howdy also gave you plenty for your money—including a funny nightgown named B. S. Polley ("Dem initials don't stand for Bolnard Shaw"). With his stooge, a shrimp-sized man named Gump, Polley had an unusual act: the uptown sophisticates and the supper club socialites poured into the Howdy, only too glad to pick up the stiff checks in order to hear Polley and Gump recite dirty words.

Polley, who since has turned respectable by virtue of having appeared in "Guys and Dolls," had more brass than the Boston Symphony and parlayed it into a success for himself and the club by yelling out obscenities that pleased the refined patrons. He referred to himself as the only act in show business with a lookout.

Partly because of police crackdowns, but mainly because the majority of tourists simply matured over the years, the over-sexed razzle dazzle of Greenwich Village night life gradually petered out, and ran its scene today only in isolated spots, what are left, for the most part, are scenes of niteries—some first rate, some out and out clipperous—which are neither top grade in the Hollywood sense of the word, or exotic in the sex orgy sense of the word. But new niteries keep opening, trying hard to be him.

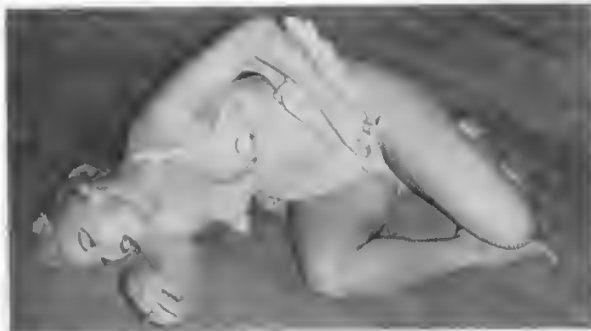
"Class" clubs—meaning spots where customers wear evening dress and pay high tariffs to sip champagne and watch frozen-faced hall-room flappers—rarely make the grade at any time here, obviously because people out on the town invariably thought of the Village as Offbeatville.

The Village Vanguard, a cozy, soft-sell club which introduced a large share of current show business notables, is still around and doing well but, like One Fifth Avenue and Ben Sair, it is an 'uptown' uttery which only happens to be located downtown. Cafe Society, which also brought a batch of unknown comics, singers and dancers to its stage and turned them into headliners, ran the historic gamut from class cafe to jazzery, and last year adopted a policy of name strippers. In attractive surroundings, with none of the smoky, hark-que-har trappings, it has played Evelyn West, Lily Christine, Sherry Britton and Winnie Garrett to good fiscal advantage.

Today, along with these elegant landmarks, there are three major going concerns in Greenwich Village: (1) jazz, (2) "drag"—of a more production-conscious quality than in the past, and (3) strips.

Upper Manhattan has music parlors which the devoted huff won't miss. Birdland is on Broadway, Jimmy Ryan's is at 52nd St., and The Embers is on E. 54th—but the Village, in putting its own jazz spots fairly close together, has become New York's jazz center.

The most famous, and most respected by aficionados, is Eddie Condon's at 7th Avenue and 10th Street (it used to be the site for the Howdy Club). A good deal more free



greenwich village

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this product rushed to make his show spicier (or "naughtier" as the exotic description went then) and a lot more daring than his competitor's across the street.

Murphy was spent lavishly on curtains and costumes and for a time it seemed impossible to pass a Village club that didn't feature drags. Male mistresses of ceremonies openly propositioned likely looking men customers from the stage, to the point where the customer's wife or girl friend would insist on leaving. Degenerates dressed in thousand dollar gowns ruled the Village night life roost for a long period of time—a circum-

stance which couldn't have been the case if countless thrill seekers hadn't supported their sleazebags by paying the enormous tabs.

As a less expensive adjunct to such exhibitions, the side streets were jammed with bars which catered exclusively to lesbians, homosexuals, and to "straights" who, after a few memory-numbing belts of bad booze, wanted to be introduced to the 3rd sex cults for at least an evening. Police raids were infrequent; the attitude appeared to be that such lun and games were necessary evils among the Bohemian set

wheeling in musical style than all the other spots in the area, Condon's plays Chicago style, a happy bastardization of Dixieland. Nick's, across the street, plays it Dixieland more orthodoxy, a little closer to the vest. The Club Bohemia on Barrow Street offers strictly modern jazz, and the new Pad (where the old Nut Club once stood) is open on week-ends with even more modern, experimental jazz than the Bohemia. Of the dozen or so modern music shops downtown, these four are considered the first musts.

Although drag shows still remain something close to a major industry in the Village, they've made a giant switch in operation from the 30's when a goggle-eyed tourist was in danger of having his virtue ripped from him then and there if he so much as glanced at the strange creature standing next to him at the bar.

These nights, clubs such as Moroccan Village, The 82 Club, and Page 3 (all easily accessible) which specialize in offering up gender pretenders are becoming almost Ziegfeldian in approach. Their shows are expensively produced and in no way do they encourage or cater to sexual delinquents or emotional riffraff, as such. The 82, for instance, which identifies gorgeously stacked showgirls in with femme impersonators, presents full-force musical revues and spends from \$35,000-\$40,000 on wardrobe alone for each new show.

The droves of semi-dressed strippers will find that business is flourishing in the Village 7 nights a week, usually from 10 P.M. on. There are about eleven peel pulcras, most of them in the vicinity of 3rd Street.

One stripper differs almost not at all from the stripper next to it in size, shape and wares. The clubs are small and intimate, her at the bar costs about \$1, the average table minimum is \$3.50, and M.C.'s with voluptuously gaped sandwiches in between an endless stream of droblers in a policy of continuous entertainment. But the street certainly is worth a visit for those interested in vestiges of another day's naughtiness.

Stripping as a night life enterprise is fairly new to Greenwich Village. It began ten years ago when the fact became more and more obvious that a fortune was being made hand over G-string up on 52nd Street, and why shouldn't the village clubs, which were limping along with floor shows that featured ancient tap dancers and whyskeyed contrabass, try for some of that trade?

They did, with success. The Paradise played Georgia Sutherland, and other spots opened with names of their own. Ernie's 3 Ring Circus offered good min-skirts along with the strip turns, and Club Savannah hit the jackpot with Negro peepers who, unlike the languorous beauties to be seen elsewhere, stepped fast and feverishly. Representative of the strip turns currently are Tony Pastor's and The Heat Wave, where Prpper Powell, Blaze Starr, Carrie Fennell, Lily Lamont and Lynn O'Neill are usually on hand. What presents the highest incentive to touring the Village's grail and hump circuit is that at least three top names in the undressing sorority can be seen somewhere on the street on the same night.

Twenty years ago Greenwich Village evenings started at a little before midnight and ended somewhere between seven and nine the next morning. Night life delivered what it promised; the money was free flowing and

peewewlers didn't know the meaning of curfews or inhibitions. Bawdy poets like Maxwell Bodenheim roomed in a libidodrenched hotel called Gonorrhea Mansion on next to no rent at all. Gangsters drilling one another made up many a cabaret's unrehearsed floor show. Oceans of liquor were drunk and nobody had a hangover because everybody's liver was in jin dandy condition in Greenwich Village in the 30's and everybody was always going to be 21 years old.

Remnants of the wild wacky life are still in evidence, and you can still have a night's fun for ten dollars there. But historians who remember the Village at its most untamed sadly agree that its atmosphere of sin has lost a lot of prestige. *



evelyn west

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are against its being able to last. One of the top names in the business has walked up the middle aisle five times, at the last count. She's not what we call an old ball. She's never had the kind of publicity that showed her grabbing other women's husbands and driving them to road-side motels. She apparently thinks that the sea of matrimony is the greatest thing in the world, or she wouldn't have made the trip so often. But she couldn't make it work.

She'll probably try it again. I hope the next one takes. But I have my doubts. The chances of success are about as good as the chances of having carfare home after a night at the Las Vegas tables.

Here are a few reasons why:

(1) Because a girl takes her clothes off for a living, the most understanding husband is going to start resenting the way fans lick their lips when his missus exposes her charms to them. A married man enjoys having his wife admired by other men, but usually for her pretty face, her intelligence and her sense of humor.

Despite what he tries to tell her and himself—he rarely wants this admiration to include her undressed body. Maybe he's got a point, too: a wife's nakedness ought to be the most important source of privacy in a marriage.

(2) The most sophisticated husband on earth is bound to start scratching his head in time when his stripping wife receives telegrams, roses, perfume, intimate lingerie, diamond wrist watches and minks from

one of the admiring boys. The woman who sends back minks and diamonds should naturally see her psychiatrist the first thing in the morning. But, just as naturally, her husband isn't going to be able to fully accept with ease the simple explanation, "It's just part of the life. Why, if I thought for the second that my woman sent me this emerald and mink stole and all these black, silk, transparent negligees expected any million in return, you know I'd never in a million years stand for it, don't you?"

Although there is absolutely no proof that she's done anything to merit the gifts besides pleasing some well-bred guy with her performance on the stage, her husband would be a prize chump if he didn't at least play with suspicious ideas. And can you come up with a better cause for trouble than the entrance of the green eyed monster?

(3) If a stripper has the publicity, the body, the breaks and the brains, she can make up to \$5000 a week just by showing her best to willing spectators. Nobly will deny that, this can pay off the mortgage on the old homestead and keep everybody in the world happy—except, possibly, the hubby who just can't compete.

I'll give in a little and admit that if she accepts a ring from G-string, X. Moneybags from Louisville, a happier ending is a lot more possible. But how many men earn that kind of money? Understand, I'm not putting the publicizing stamp on strippers. Many of them, and probably too many of them, marry men whose earnings are small. I'm not suggesting that this is either right or wrong, good or bad, but it happens. A fellow who says his marriage had also as a gray train is on his way to feeling inferior to his bride. And what good can come out of a marriage in which a man feels no bigger than his wife? G-string?

Although I firmly believe that men are the most exciting, and beyond a doubt, the best inventions in the history of the world, and I wouldn't want them changed for anything, I have one small complaint: They are not nearly so broadminded as they pretend to be. The more flexible, forgiving and tolerant they talk, the more old foggy-like they are when the chips are down and they're expected to show their true colors to the trusting boys thumper who loves them.

When they say, "I realize it's your business as an exotic to smile at the fans when they pass you on the street or when they see you in restaurants," they are really explaining: "You've already told me that I'm your guy. If you're not crazy about me, then why don't you say so?"

When they say, "It doesn't matter at all to me that you make so much more dough than I do. After all, you deserve every penny of it," they're really seeking inside with something like, "At my best, I never could have made more than 5,000 cents a year, let alone a week."

Maybe all this sounds as though I think there's just no such thing as the right man for a stripper, or that I'm overly choosy about what goes in to making a great mate. Actually, like every girl, I want love and to be loved. I'm not throwing stones at vine covered cottages. The marriage vows are as important to a drooler as to a scrubman. All I'm suggesting is that the girl who gets a hefty paycheck by getting down to the bare essentials shouldn't fly to the preacher,

because she'll have a tough time finding Mr. Right to fly there with her.

By now you may have grasped one of my points (figuratively speaking, of course): that a good husband is hard to find—a good husband being a man who can earn a living, who can keep most of his wits about him as he watches other men watching his wife take her clothes off, and who can be man enough to agree to take second billing to his wife's fame. Along with everything else, he'd probably have to be a combination masseur, chauffeur, errand boy, alarm clock, and all around owner of the best sense of humor in town. He'd need the last, most of all, to put up with the usually hectic, always-on-the-go life a strip star leads.

Surveys which pop up from time to time prove that the average American girl, unless she has a pretty face, good figure and/or comes complete with a bulging bank account, always has to face the hassle of tracking down a man who will stop long enough to marry her. Every one of these surveys adds that a girl in show business, especially any kind of show business, never has to worry about where her next male is coming from. Proposals appear almost every hour on the hour, some of them proposals of marriage. A stripper has been called many things, but she's never been called a lass who needs to go man hungry.

Now, one of the most popular parlor car stories goes that peckers prefer to stay unmarried because single blessedness gives them more room in which to leap from bed to bed with any virile-looking man who crosses their path. I don't doubt that to some extent this is true; being a part of the business of sex all day long, some exotics do get extra erotic because they gradually get the hint that what they're selling on stage might be fun to share for real, off stage. But, unless I'm the sort of farm girl who's far too naive, I think that such exotics are pretty much in the minority. Strippers enjoy their fun, just like everyone else, but they're just a realistic about the facts of life as everyone else, too.

The question is: how can a stripper, who does more traveling than all the Secretaries of State put together, meet and get to know one man long enough to size him up as a possible husband? He'll all ready for the double ring ceremony, sure, but what about her? Unless she can judge with an eighth sense that he's all the perfect things listed above, where is she going to find the time to know him well enough to conduct even a serious love affair, let alone a marriage?

Until I have the answer to this question, I'll stand by the familiar rule: it's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried. *

MIT STRIPPER JULIE GIBSON STILL REALLY IS A MISS

JULIE GIBSON, curvaceous cutie of burlesque who perennially stars at The Wedge in Philadelphia as "The Bashful Bride" is still really a miss, her managers, Buddy O'tenberg and Al Nirenberg, also owners of the club, announced recently.

Somehow, they said, the impression has gotten around that Julie is married, and to one of them. This is not true.



rosemary clooney

(Continued from page 25)

her favorite color. White added weight in front of the cameras, they told her.

"But I feel better and I think I sing better when I wear white," Rosie protested.

She showed up in white. Everyone shook heads and took odds that she would flunk out. One studio executive who comments that Rosie resembled a "star spangled Christmas angel," remembers that her singing was so good that the production people forgot the way she looked.

It's an old Clooney trick, making people forget anything but that she is singing. A night club owner in Reno once reported that he never wanted her to re-appear at his club.

"I lose money," he explained. "While she's singing, no one plays the gaming machines."

Even though Rosie likes to do things her way, she's willing to listen. She listened to Dietrich more than once. While she was making her second movie, "Red Carters," Dietrich came on the set and noticed that Clooney was flinching lines miserably, waiting painfully for cues. Marlene took her for a walk, gave her some sound advice based on good experience and ran over the scene with her once or twice. Rosie returned and did the scene admirably.

"She has a shiny quality," Dietrich says. "Shiny means, easy, effortless, but still full of life."

Of Marlene, Rosie comments:—"A remarkable woman. She's been wonderfully kind to me. She's interested in all I do—personally or in business."

This wide-eyed admiration notwithstanding, Clooney, often killed as the "wholesome" type, is well aware that she will never rate as a Dietrich. She comments: "With what I've got to work with, as a femme fatale, I'm dead."

Rosie got a brutally frank lesson in appraising her own physical assets realistically when she was a youngster and sought an audition for a Bob Hope show. A representative of Hope—his brother, Jack, in fact—was in Cincinnati to select pretty girls who could sing and wished to compete for a chance to appear with the famed comedian. Betty and Rosie were doing a sister act. But since only one winner would be selected, they decided to split up and enter the contest. Rosie accosted Jack Hope in an office building and explained: "My sister and I have always sung together. But, for your contest, we wondered if we could audition separately."

Jack Hope took one appraising look at Rosie and rapped out: "You'll get a lot further in a sister act than you will alone."

Yet, today, Bob Hope with whom Rosie has worked several times (she didn't even bother making the Cincinnati audition) praises her as "a great girl, fresh as a hreeze." Hope says Rosie's got that "soap and water look" and that's he enjoyed working with her.

When she first hit Hollywood, a place where the ability to blow your own trumpet counts heavily, Rosie seemingly had a complex about her physical attributes. When interviewers asked her if she considered herself glamorous, she'd reply: "Oh, no. Not very." That, she's discovered, was a mistake.

"I'm using different tactics now," she quips. "If anyone says 'you're a doll, by golly, I agree with them.'"

When she first met the Old Groaner—a realization of a long awaited dream for her—Miss Clooney fluffed her lines like a rank amateur. Rosie was working on the Paramount lot and spent days maneuvering to "run into" her idol. The great adventure unfolded when she and a friend met Bing, riding a bicycle. The friend introduced them and Rosie promptly went to pieces. She virtually lost her breath, approached collapse when Crosby greeted her with "Hi; Glad to see you. Like the way you sing."

To Bing's questions, Rosie gave idiotic, humbled answers, generally presented a picture of utter confusion. She felt like she was being "introduced to an institution."

The introduction finally rolled off on his bicycle.

"He looked back over his shoulder," Rosie giggles. "I could just hear him thinking—'creep.'"

The embarrassing episode gave Clooney nightmares for several days. But when she encountered Crosby next, she was in command of her faculties and determined to correct the first impression.

"I want to explain to you what happened the other day," she began, without any preliminaries. "I'm not a dumb-kull. I was terribly thrilled at meeting you—that's all. I hope you understand and I hope to see you around sometime."

Then she fled. Crosby grinned and has been her close friend ever since.

What Rosie lacks in the sex appeal department is more than made up for by what has been called her "homspun charm," tremendous ability and her naturalness. The latter quality comes to light in her work in movies even more than it does in her performances in front of a mike.

Director Norman Taormino speaks for most of the higgies on the Paramount lot when he states: "We think we've got a real find in Rosemary. She has a personality that sparkles. She's an easy, relaxed performer."

Taormino worked with Clooney on "The Stars Are Singing," "Red Carters," "Here Come The Girls" and "White Christmas."

Irvy Asher, who produced "The Stars Are Singing" always calls Rosie "Miss Crosby." He thinks she has a gold mine in her offhand, casual approach. "If anyone teaches her to act, he will be performing a great disservice," Asher says. "She has a wonderfully expressive face. But it shouldn't be glorified—merely photographed the way it is."

Hubbard Jose Ferrer, who can boast some-

what of a background of his own as both actor and producer, was "staggered" when he saw Clooney's first film. He admits: "I was almost angry that a girl who had never acted before could be that good the first time out."

Ferrer, who first met Clooney when he was making a personal appearance tour for "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the fall of 1950, "just kept running into Rosie" until he fell in love with her. He says she has outstanding interpretive talent. He sees good singing as "acting without notes" anyway, says that people who depend on technique in singing, rather than on sincerity, don't make the best actors or singers. Ferrer cites the outstanding work of Sinaitra in "Here To Eternity" and Crosby in "Country Girl" as examples of his point of view.

An important person in Rosie's scheme of things is a good friend and her dance coach, Bea Allen. Miss Allen is on the set whenever Clooney works. She and Rosie have perfected a signal system. When Bea Allen thinks Rosie's hands or feet are getting in the way of effectiveness, she frowns. Rosie deliberately makes mistakes then to force the director to say "cut," so she can begin all over. She calls Bea Allen a "perfectionist."

One person who is far from enthusiastic about the way Hollywood is handling Clooney is Mitch Miller. Mitch can be very blunt. He says her films "stink."

"There's not a hit song in any of them," he criticizes. "And it's simply because they don't know what to do with Rosemary."

Ironically, the hit recording of "Come On A My House," precipitated a spirited skirmish between Mitch Miller, the genius behind the helm at Columbia's pop department. Unaware that she was fighting against fame and fortune, Rosie gave Mitch a hard time when he insisted that she cut the tune.

"Mitch Miller master-minded me through that one," Rosie looks back. "I must have been going through a stage when I thought I could only sing ballads. It wasn't that I disliked the song. I just couldn't believe it was right for me."

Miller, who has fantastically true coin with Columbia at selecting songs, singers, musical units and arrangements, knows the number was right for Clooney. He pushed his point when the recording sold more than a million copies.

Miller first encountered and appreciated the Clooney talent when he heard one of her first waxings, "Grievin' For You." His comment: "Nice sound." He felt she had "depth and heart." Shortly thereafter, Miller, who was with Mercury and had just engineered Frankie Laine and his "Mule Train" to money-laden depths and done interesting things with a girl named Patti Page, moved his shoe and selective talent over to Columbia. He took a look at the then obscure Rosie Clooney's contract and commented: "We'd better have a new one drawn up or I won't be able to get any work out of you."

Mitch's attitude gave her faith in him "even before we started working together," Miss Clooney says.

He reaped tremendous delight from his experiment with Clooney and Dietrich before the same recording mikes. "I wanted to do something with the comparison between a hillbilly dame and the sophisticated type woman of the world," Mitch explains.

RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

Cafe Continental



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE was a man of many talents whose mastery of military science was fully matched by his ability in a much-less-publicized art: cooking. When he was not handing out battle orders, likely as not he was hovering over a hot stove concocting some gourmet delight. One such dish the French emperor threw together at the height of the Battle of Merengo in Italy and it has come down through the years to become a culinary treat. Called Chicken Merengo after the battle (which Napoleon, of course, won after glutting himself), the dish is but one of the offbeat European specialties featured at Chicago's Cafe Continental by host Dave Falcione.

A gout who believes in quantity as well as quality at the dinner table, genial Dave of Sicilian descent offers sumptuous spreads at tabs that start at \$3 for a scallopine entrée with all the fixin's and go up to a \$6 top for what he calls a Roman Holiday Dinner, something truly formidable served up on a silver platter. The feast tries to duplicate the old Roman orgies in every respect except the regurgitation.

Not one to follow the precept that man lives by bread alone, Dave feels that soft romantic music is an aid to the digestive tract and provides a strolling troubadour with guitar strumming very un-Fresleyish tunes.

Continental atmosphere is the motif of the tastily-done decor. A quite reasonable facsimile of a wine cave is secreted in one corner while another nook duplicates the brightness of a gypsy tent.

But basically the food's the thing at the Continental with Dave personally presiding over the cuisine and following the culinary precepts he first picked up while cooking at home during the depression years while Papa and Mama were both at work to keep the hambinos eating regularly. One Continental delight called Veal Aragona he named after the small Sicilian home town of his father. An original with Dave, the dish has anchovy strips and Romano cheese, topping a veal steak broiled in garlic butter and lemon.

For less gluttonous folk, Dave maintains on the street level an indoor sidewalk cafe, first of its kind in Chicago. Here a dozen different kinds of coffee are served up with gooey French pastries or delicate finger sandwiches. It all adds up to an eatery in truly European style, bound to please appetites no matter how prodigious or petite. *



"I'm afraid I can't give you the key to my heart. Would the key to my apartment do?"

Startling proof of the Clooney ability to score in varied phases of the singing business is furnished by a flashback to receding history of 1954. The latter part of the year, Miss Clooney earned the distinction of having two Columbia Records hits—in opposite categories—among the top ten listed in *Variety* Magazine as favorites of the public. Her highly sentimental ballad, "Hey, There," maintained top position in the listing for weeks—while "This Old House," a rollicking rhythm number stayed a close second. "Hey, There" from the musical, "Pajama Game," became the first tune from a musical, to sell over a million in many more years than Tin Pan Alley could remember. By October, 1954, it had racked up a sale of 1,200,000. Rosie has run the gamut from the almost licky warmth of "Hall As Much," through the half tender, half-kidding "Batch-A Me," in which she utilizes the tune of an Italian mama; through an outstanding receding cuteness, "The Old To Cut The Mustard," in which she thoroughly skills gears, offers an almost rasping, hill country air to complement the baritone contribution of Miss Dietrich. Add to this, the live, honky Clooney touch on "Come On A My House" and you have a picture of one of the most amazing talent ranges riched on wax. "Come On A My House" skyrocketed in the magic million mark, projected Clooney into the national spotlight overnight.

There are other demonstrations of the Clooney versatility. Rosie has recorded 37 sides for Columbia's children's records division.

Rosie is enthusiastic about this part of her work. She analyzes it carefully.

"I'm convinced that the record industry gives a more honest approach to the recording of children's songs than to any other type," she points out. "In the live songs, for instance, gimmicks and all kinds of schmalz are brought into play. On one of my first recordings, I had to use a hip-shield and dialect. Then there are the multiple voices and ever so many artificial aids."

She finds it different with records by the kids. Cate arrangements aren't enough, she has discovered. Diction has to be flawless. The reason children are intent about stories and frustrated unless they get every single word clearly. She's learned too, that you don't patronize or "sing down" to children. They recognize and "can't stand it."

Revolting for the youngsters is Miss Clooney's favorite work in that field. But she was up against a handicap at first.

"Children don't buy most women's voices. You see, they are used to hearing about the house everyday and hearing their mothers' voices. To them this represents discipline. They go for men's voices. They are crazy about men."

Rosie's solution to this problem was simple. On her children's records she sings like a man with a feminine voice. It has worked. Her children's records have sold more than a million, the outstanding one being "Suzie Snowflake" which did a whopping 250,000.

When Paramount Pictures starred Rosemary in the film, "White Christmas," placing her in the illustrious company of Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, perhaps the sole person in the United States who objected was a certain Hollywood critic. Mindful of La Clooney's long, large honey frame, her

jutting jaw, big bosom and long legs, the reviewer sneered that Rosemary is "an attractive girl," but lacking in sufficient "photographic glamor to carry a love story."

When Miss Clooney herself read the review, she did a slow burn. Normally, the Kentucky-born songstress can take paning or praise in her nonchalant stride. But that morning, things weren't normal. In the first place, she was pregnant. In the second place, she read the review sitting opposite actor-producer Jose Ferrer at breakfast. Rosemary numbers her enthusiastic male fans in the thousands. But Ferrer happens to be the one living man who she wants to keep impressed with an illusion of her glamor. He's her husband.

Husband Ferrer came through in the crisis. Leaning across the table and looking full into Rosemary's unhappy face, he demanded: "I wish you'd tell me how you got into this condition if you're not glamorous enough to provoke some sort of love affair."

Clooney rates high all over Hollywood also—not only in the ranks of technicians, but among the sparkling personalities of the movie colony. Sharpest criticism they have of her is that she refuses to fight back when attacked. Rosie has her own explanation of this.

"Usually, when something goes wrong, I try to say nothing until I've cooled down," she reveals. "I walk my dogs and tell them my troubles—or take a shower and the air in the shower stall is blue for a while. I stay in there until I get the trouble out of my system. It may be an effort not to tell people off. But it's a bigger effort not to let a jerk—and think of all the trouble you have to go to in to develop a heavy personality." *



cabon

(Continued from page 40)

has stood out like a beacon in a storm as the nitery that most captures the spirit and flavor of Haiti.

Two years after the Cabon came into being it had to be enlarged. This was because it had become literally the center of night life on the island—a position it enjoys to this day. The older, smaller hut could not accommodate the hordes of fun-seekers who were attracted to the place; so the first hut was torn down and a second one built on the mountain site.

Among the factors that have contributed to the Cabon's great popularity, the primary



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one is the delt mixing of the best of that which is native with the finest and most adaptable aspects of a Western world nitery. The 11-piece band, which hunk forth in the Cabon, features flambeable American and French numbers for the between shows dancing on the huge, circular dance floor.

Because the entertainment fare is both authentic and really accessible, it is a "must" for all tourist hours. Whenever there is a cruise boat in the harbor the Cabon is sure to be crammed to the rafters with gay visitors. The place is open on Saturdays, Sundays, and all holidays. Most tourists are planned so that the snapper in fluit will take place on one of the days when the Cabon is open.

Robert Beaumont, skilled architect who was trained in the United States, planned and designed the huge native hut. He occupies a strange position on the island in that he is also the designer and owner of a hotel and night club which competes with Cabon Clouneur and the hotel it is an integral part of the Hotel Clouneur. Beaumont has specialized in injecting the local color and tradition into the places he has designed. The Cabon with its 50-foot height at the center and more than 60-foot diameter represents one of the most dramatic combinations of native material on the whole of the island. Built right into the setting of rough-hewn beams and Spanish moss are such of the mural Western world nitery fixtures like a large hand-tail, a modern kitchen, and a lighting system that bathes the shows in vivid color. The way Beaumont has planned the set-up, all of these necessary, but native accoutrements are integrated in such a way that they seem to fit like a glove and do not distort the basic Vodou picture.

This is pretty much the motif for the whole Clouneur hotel, which also features a swimming pool set in a palm lined back-ground. The hotel, itself, is typical of the kind of accommodations to be found in Port-au-Prince, mountain suburb, some five miles from Port-au-Prince. The suburb is much cooler than the port town which has become throughout the pages of history a memorable landfill for sailors of all nations. *



blinstrub's village

(Continued from page 48)

The floor is covered with many-hued flagstones.

Open from 5 p.m., the Village not only offers a night life refuge for Bostonians, but serves as a dining-out spot for hundreds of early-retiring patrons who also patronize the all-day grille and separate cocktail lounge.

Each show at the Village is a miniature Broadway revue, giving some sense to the agent's axiom, "First you play Broadway, New York, and then you play Broadway, South Boston." Agents are delighted to hook their top acts into the Village, because Blinstrub is happy to pay handsomely for their services. He once offered Liberace \$35,000 for a week's work, plus \$25,000 for Perry Como. Miss Piazzola's take has not been revealed, but it is reputed to be a queens ransom.

All of the names who have graced the Village stage have appeared for five-figure sums any of which could have paid the freight for both the armies that once did battle on the spot.

For all that, however, costs to the customer at Blinstrub's remain strictly in the bargain-hammet range. An important part of Stanley Blinstrub's formula on the care and feeding of the world's biggest nitery, the dinner goes for between \$2 and \$3, and though there is a minimum on weekends, Blinstrub says it is purely to insure that the customers who are turned away aren't kept out by deadheads—patrons who come, look, but don't spend.

Part three of the magic formula is the machine-like precision with which the place is operated. Though genial Stanley is no martinet, he is a strict taskmaster among the 200 employees who take pride in running the Village.

A hundred of them are waitresses, girls who, as Blinstrub says, "could catch and every one of them take a place in the chorus line any night and no one the wiser."

Two chefs, Maurice Rafuse and George Swinn, preside over the huge, satiny-steeled kitchens, where the "main chef," the proprietor himself, is likely to do the final tasting on all dishes during the evening. No exotic dishes are featured, in concession to the austere New England temperament.

"Just plain meats, fish and the like," says Blinstrub, who finds that Steaks—especially filets with mushroom sauce—are tops in popularity, with as many as 3,000 pounds of succulent beef passing over the broilers and into the tummies of happy diners in one evening.

During the past summer, Blinstrub spent a fortune for improvements in his nitery, installing many startling innovations. First and foremost is the new and fabulous lighting system, only electronically-controlled set-up of its kind in the world, costing \$75,000. Some 232 miles of wiring was used. It's actually possible to paint with lights, obtaining all sorts of unusual effects for the stage shows and orchestrations.

A new circular staircase of steel, illuminated on two sides, leads from the top stage, backed by a fireproof glass curtain. The lovely show girls descend these stairs, displaying their own curves, while the lights transform their costumes into seemingly new changes within fractions of seconds.

The control panel for this lighting system has already attracted scientists from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other famed schools. By pushing various buttons, the operator of the panel—which does all the thinking—can derive 500 basic colors from six different sets. And there are 15 ways of combining these sets, adding up to thousands of color effects. In the basement, another board controls 100,000 watts. The dinner alone weighs over 5,000 pounds.

Like Topsy, the Village "just grewed." The story of the amazing night club is really the story of its proprietor. Soft-spoken Stanley could easily be taken for a bank director in the conservative blue serge suits he affects. There is nothing in his appearance that would hint the involvement of the night club he has nurtured through the years.

It all began in 1917 when young Blinstrub chanced to see a run-down restaurant on the corner of D. street and Broadway in South Boston. The Blinstrub clan had settled in Brighton, a suburb of Boston 20 years earlier. In the intervening years, Stanley had done a multitude of things.

"In some ways, it's strange that I landed in this business," smiles Stanley. "You see, I had done everything to earn a living in my younger days—cooking, making doughnuts, finishing pianos, working in a machine shop, as a lathe assembler and a realtor. Luckily, I managed to save a considerable amount of money, but it all went with the wind in the 1929 stock market crash."

The new restaurant was an immediate success. Stanley and his father, whom the youngster talked into buying the eatery for \$3,800, netted \$52,000 the first year. This went a long way to making up the financial loss incurred in the stock market bust. Accidentally, the crash played a part in the extremely low purchase price. The original owner had offered the place for \$38,000 before the fateful year.

"That was in the good old days when a ham sandwich had ham and sold for a nickel, while a boiled dinner cost two bits," recalled Blinstrub.

The energetic youth worked 16 hours daily to make a success out of the restaurant, just as he does today. After his father died in 1925, Stanley continued to renew the leases on the building, deciding to transform the main section into a night club. It was on New Year's Eve, 1934, after working for 52

consecutive hours and helping set the last window in place at 7 p.m., that he opened the Village for a gathering of 300. The crowd was very impressed, too.

"I charged three dollars a plate," says Stan the Man. "That included a filet mignon dinner, two cocktails and a small bottle of champagne, as well as a floor show. The guests came from 16 states."

And the guests continued to come from all over the country—coming in such throngs that the Village had to be enlarged again. In 1937, about 850 could be seated at once. Ten years later, that figure was doubled, the business setting a fast pace constantly. That '48 enlargement was the result of a four-year project, executed by Stanley's brother and his employees. In the meantime, the Village stayed open on its regular schedule. Building was done around it. When completed, the old walls were demolished, revealing the biggest night club in the world—an eye-opener, indeed.

Married to the former Mary Timbrige, his childhood sweetheart, Blinstrub is the proud father of three married daughters and five grandchildren, plus a son, who is studying medicine at Boston University. Stanley is only at his Chestnut Hill home for sleeping primarily, even working 'round the clock Sundays. But his family sees him at the Village, where they often drop in for a snark or a dinner.

The owner of the Village has one consuming hobby: charity work and helping youth. Sunday afternoons, he often opens his place to "teen-agers, charging the boys and girls one dollar for which they see the regular stage show and stars, being served sandwiches and soft drinks. Every dollar is turned over to various charitable organizations.

Organized charities take over the Village Sunday evenings, setting any price desired for admission. Blinstrub doesn't mind the losses, providing full-course dinners and dazzling shows for rates lower than plunging necklines. Last year, he raised \$170,000 for these worthy causes. And on one night, he wouldn't take a sou for a \$100-per-plate meal that drew 1,350 people, who donated a total of \$135,000 to a church charity.

On one occasion, a priest in nearby Dedham sold 3000 tickets like hot cakes for a charity affair to be held in the Village.

"But where will we put them?" asked Stanley.

"Oh, I didn't think of that," said the priest. "Perhaps I should pray for rain."

And it did rain, just the capacity of 1700 attending the dinner.

Blinstrub will never forget the time he decided to add a 300-seat night club to his 150-seat restaurant. His friends told him it would prove to be a mistake, his late mother weeping at his stubbornness. He was told that his location was wrong, that the depression was on, that money was too tight. His family even persuaded a Harvard professor to try and make him change his mind.

"Come back in two years and apologize," Blinstrub told the professor.

So the two years skidded by, with the professor literally eating his words.

Operating on the philosophy of the late columnist, Arthur Brisbane, Stanley believes that if "you give the people value, you'll get volume." And that's exactly what he has today: volume—not to mention the biggest night club in these United States, anywhere. *

glamour gab

By Morton Cooper

STAGE AND SCENE STUFF. Rosana Rory, newest member of the Lollobrigida School of Acting, has a new kind of inferiority complex. "I've only got a 37" bust," she complains, "so nobody believes I'm Italian." . . . 20th Century Fox has put the pressure on Jayne Mansfield: from now on her *Busting Out All Over* photos must be "more dignified". . . . The dialogue in Tennessee Williams' prize-winning play, "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" is the roughest in years, but none of it got laundered during its Broadway run. Before its Paris premiere, though, the director cut all the words he thought might shock the audience. Result A: The critics called it dirty, anyway. Result B: The director ordered the words put back in. . . . Although the filming of "God's Little Acre" hasn't even begun (Robert Ryan will star) censor groups are already insisting they'll fight to have it banned. Suggested name for them: God's Little Acres. . . . Anita Ekberg is hot stuff here, but the British press refer to her as The Bore With A Bust. (We don't get bored so easily.) Wait till they see her as a stripper in her new flicker, "The Screaming Mimi". . . . This isn't an eye chart, but a listing of current movies: "Riffi," "Zarak," "Iluk," "Drango," "Curucu," "Ondongo," and "Cha-Cha-Boom."

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GHIND AND BUMP BANTER. Which one's got the money? Tina Louise, the super-constructed beauty in Broadway's "Li'l Abner," plans to sue Tina Louise, the super-endowed peeler. Why? . . . Winnie Garrett manages to be sexy even when she sits at the N. Y. Spindletop and pulls panties off lamb chops. "I'm the kind of business woman," says Winnie, "who's sold everything but my body". . . . Disrobers being avid perusers of current events, one is now calling herself The Mad Bumper. . . . Elvis Whatzisname gets everywhere. His East Coast date is pretty peeler Gina Marie, who packs them in at Tony Pastor's in N. Y. Gina does a sultry number that makes Presley's contortion available for church socials. . . . It shouldn't happen to a stripper, especially a doll like Rose

LaRose: Rose played The Gayety in Cincinnati this winter for 3 days while the cellar boiler was on the blink. No heat, during below zero weather. Rose had to keep getting down to the bare essentials while her audiences huddled in their leather jackets. A major ordeal, but Rose's act kept the place hot.

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RECORD HOW. The wise guys are retitling Jerry Lewis' hit record album "Music To Get Even With Dean Martin By". (P.S.) Martin needn't worry. . . . Robert Sylvester suggests the best way to play a Lawrence Welk record is on a square phonograph. . . . Vincent Lopez won't tour India after all, he says, because they want him and his band to play for bread and Buddha. . . . New album expected to cash in is recorded from a tape made three years ago by James Dean on hongos. Complete with Dean ad libs.

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AFTER DARK DEPT. Who says the day of fantastic fees for cabaret entertainers is over? Ray Bolger goes into Las Vegas' Sahara in July at \$25,000 a week. . . . Jack Benny warns friends in Vegas to keep away from one club. "The comic can't be any good," says Benny, "because they're paying him a lousy \$15,000 a week." . . . Don't worry about Milton Berle's fate. He just broke all records at Miami Beach's plush Eden Roc. . . . Nice guy dept.: Not generally known

is that Jimmy Durante gave ailing Eddie Jackson a year off with full pay. . . . Newest N. Y. nitery boniface will be Jackie Gleason. He claims he's got a revolutionary idea for a club, but won't confide it yet. . . . One reason Sophie Tucker stays at the top is that her material stays topical. Her new act includes a Presley takeoff and a rowdy song called "Calypso Mama." . . . Sarah Vaughn, Miss Vaughnderful, comes up with the one about the bopper who gets a pint of blood and a shot of morphine after being in an auto accident. "Doc," he exclaims, "I don't dig your wine but, man that chaser is the end!". . . . A sign in a Greenwich Village bar reads: "Drink and Be Mary."

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NIGHT NOTES. Manhattan is now known as The Place Where Night Clubs Are 6 Months Long. A few of the top ones are folding, many of the side street ones are giving up—because of tax troubles and because people are staying home unless the attractions are really big. One current gag goes that a club in Gotham went bankrupt so suddenly last week that the help got locked in. . . . Rock 'n' Roll is becoming squarer every day, now that calypso has taken over. The songwriters who used to hang around Tin Pan Alley with sideburns down to their knees ("to feel the beat") now play it very West Indian by wearing flowered sport shirts, straw hats and guitar ("to hit the mood"). . . . Most founts of culture may never throw a big testimonial dinner for Harold Minsky, but The Ziegfeld of Burlesque won't ever fret. Last year he staged a sumptuous pageant in and for the Dominican Republic. This season he introduced his skin-and-spice shows to the ultra-chic night life belt. "Minsky Goes To Paris," a full fledged burlesque, with strippers and baggy pants comics, opened in January at The Dunes in Las Vegas, and probably will stay there for months to come. The entire production, served up with Minsky's own profitable recipe of high brow and low down artistry, is a tremendous success there. Star exotics are Brandy Martin and Pat Amber Halladay.



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

CABARET





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